THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 3, 1808.

DESCRIPTION *of a* SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

(From a recent Publication, entitled, " A Picture of Madrid.")

THE clock strikes three—the whole street of Alcala is filled with multitudes of people; carriages, riders, pedestrians, all hasten to the Toro, the amphitheatre before the Alcala gate; it is a large circus, with seats rising one above the other, having a number of boxes on the top, all crowded with spectators; all ranks, and all the different costumes of Spain, will be found united here on such occasions.

The circus is cleared, every spectator is obliged to go to his seat—the solemn entry begins; the alcade, with his alguazils, in long curled wigs, heads the train; then follow the picadores, or squires, on horseback, in the dress of ancient Spanish knights, and the bandarilleros, or flag-bearers, in many-coloured waistcoats, decorated with ribbons. Now follows, with grave and proud steps, the invincible matador, or bull-killer, the hero of the combat, brandishing his sword, and a group of harlequins, slaves in disguise, and merry-andrews of every description, close the rear.

Here ends the prelude, and the solemn course begins on a signal given by the corregidor. Two timid alguazils run to the stall, and, with trembling hands and averted faces, push back the bolts; out rushes the first bull, breathing rage and fury; shouts of general joy resound all over the amphitheatre, and thousands of yelling voices, to render the animal still more furious, roar out, *toro, toro,* (bull, bull.) Most boisterous noise and uproar ensue; the spectators clap their hands, beat the ground and benches with their sticks, and wave their hats, handkerchiefs, and blades; it seems just as if the whole assem-

bly was possessed by the Devil. Meanwhile, the picadores, or squires, have taken their station facing the stall, and, with their horses turned sideways, expect the attack of the infuriated beast; the latter rushes suddenly upon the foremost man, to toss both horse and rider into the air, but he gives the bull a stab in the neck with his pike, turns his horse, and gallops back. *Bien! bien!* (well! well!) resounds all over the amphitheatre, it was a capital push. The bull pursues his enemy, and is encountered by a second picadore; this one is not so successful, he misses his aim, his pike breaks, the beast rips up one side of the horse's belly, the rider falls down, and without the succour of the chulos, our pedestrian combatants, he must forfeit his life. These in a moment rescue the unhorsed picadore from the bull, by endeavouring to attract the latter's attention, without pike or sword, but only with a little piece of taffety, or a small red flag.

Nothing exceeds their dexterity to make the bull hunt them, by merely shewing him these dazzling colours, and by the constant cry of *toro, toro! a mi!* (or bull, bull, have at me;) but with equal celerity they know how to escape from them in the moment of danger over the inclosure of planks which surrounds the circus; the animal eagerly pursues them, and when he gets within close reach, they suddenly drop their flags, and by one leap find themselves in safety. In this manner the discomfited picadore succeeds in mounting another horse, his honour is invaded, and he must revenge the insult—he gallops with impetuosity against the bull, and wounds him. Excellent! excellent! resounds from all sides; and during this thunder of applause, an humble chulo, or flag-bearer, endeavours to make the animal abandon the pursuit of his adversary. But the corregidor gives the signal, trumpets and kettle-drums are heard, the picadores retire, and the bandarilleros, or flag-bearers, alone, begin to shew their skill in combat, holding a banderillo, or flag in each hand, and being scarcely an inch distant from the horns of the beast, they endeavour to get at him sideways, with great precaution; they follow all his motions, 'till they perceive the favourable moment, when the armed point of their banderillas is stuck into his body, and the rockets or fire-works go off, while the bull drives furiously about the circus.

The scene, however, becomes tedious, and the multitude call for another bull; the matador, or bull-killer, now steps majestically into the circus, and makes a bow to all the assembly; his silk cloak is shivering in the air, and his naked sword glistens in the sun; he approaches; the bull seems to know his dangerous enemy, and both stand still opposite to one another; all the spectators testify the most anxious expectation, and a dead silence reigns all over the amphitheatre; the moment the

bull

bull makes a motion, the matador throws open his cloak, and in an instant the fatal blow is given; down falls the roaring beast at the conqueror's feet; the cries of "Excellent! excellent! bravo! bravo! the matador for ever!" make the amphitheatre re-echo from all parts; to this succeeds the clapping of hands, sticks, fans, the sounds of trumpets and kettle-drums, in short, the noise is increased a thousand fold, and baffles all description.

The amateurs then go into the circus, the bull is searched, and his wound probed; they dispute, measure the victor's steps, and load him with encomiums. The dealers in water and lemonade, the girls that sell oranges and pastry fill the circus, all is in motion, visits are paid from one box to another, all the handkerchiefs are waving, and the whole assembly take their afternoon's luncheon; but the door of the circus is opened, and three mules, decked with bells and flying ribbons, enter at full gallop; they drag away the slaughtered animal; the area is smoothed again, every body hastens back to his seat, trumpets and kettle-drums announce the arrival of the second bull, and the spectacle is repeated with few variations. If the bull is not fierce enough, they bait him with blood-hounds; if extremely wild, he will often kill horses by the dozen.

The end of the bloody spectacle is generally rendered very gay and merry. They employ, for instance, men of straw, with lead on their feet, whom the bull will toss ten times into the air, and yet they always appear on foot again. Monkeys, which leap between his horns, and make the most curious faces and grimaces at each vain toss the animal gives. Harlequins, with large balloons, flag-labourers, disguised as women, with large fans, &c. Sometimes you'll see a black fellow, who jumps on the bull's back, and draws a thong of leather full of iron spikes round his muzzle, while he holds the thong at both ends with his teeth, and plays on the guitar, &c. &c. At last comes a bull, called *emboledo*, because he has leather balls on his horns; he is given up to the amateurs, and is never killed by the matador, except in cases of the greatest emergency.

These are the bull-fights which regularly take place twice a week in summer. At each course, eighteen bulls are started, six in the morning, by way of experiment, and twelve in the afternoon, for the real feast. In proportion as the heat is greater, the more furious these animals generally prove; the seats in the amphitheatre may be had from two to four, eight and ten reals, according to their situation, in the sun or shade, on the steps or in the boxes; the bull-fights are given for the benefit of the general hospital; the expence is usually estimated at one thousand piastres, and the receipts amount at least to two thousand; a matador receives from sixty to eighty piastres,

a picadore from fifty to sixty, and a chulo and bandarillo from twenty-four to thirty.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 54.

EUGENIO TO MISS FLIMSY FASHION.

" Nos miseri quibus una dies suprema, quis ævi
Exitus incertum, quibus instet fulmen ab astris."

STAT.

" Man's woful state is such, he knows one day
Must be his last—but which, there's none can say."

AND what makes you afraid of death, Miss Flimsy? Is there any thing so terrible in the transition from a world of misery to a state of eternal happiness? For such we are told will be the case with all true Christians; and amongst such, I have no doubt, you rank yourself. Is it not rather a never-failing source of consolation? What a delightful reflection—that after being buffeted by the rude tempest of adversity, and tossed on the mountainous billows of sorrow, we shall reach a port at last, where the winds shall be for ever hushed, and our barks moored in safety!

" All this is mighty pretty," you say, " in theory; but when death actually arrives, I rather think Mr. Eugenio will quit life with just as much terror and regret as other folks. I *hate* such methodistical cant."

I am well aware of your *hatred*, Miss Flimsy, and, with your permission, will briefly specify the cause of it. The vanities of life, (I speak from fatal experience) the blandishments of vice, are but too well adapted to the gratification of our depraved desires. We grasp at them with childish avidity, and look with indignation on every obstacle that threatens to impede our career. How dreadful, then, must the thought of *death* be! To descend from the splendid assembly or garrulous card-party, to the cold, silent, comfortless grave, without a hope beyond it. " Without a *hope!*" you exclaim, " For what then am I such a regular attendant at church?" Madam! I have heard of a man that absolutely prayed his nose (of course a prominent one) through the partition of his neighbour's seat, and yet proved, withal, a most abominable sinner. And what was it (tell me candidly) that occupied *your* thoughts last Sunday, when your eyes were so stedfastly fixed on old Lady Filigree's pew? Was it not the unfashionable shape of her ladyship's pink silk mantua? And did I not overhear some whispers

between

between you and Mrs. Pentweazle, in which the word *cards* frequently occurred? And then again, when Captain Rattle, the recruiting officer, entered—but I spare your blushes. *This*, however, I must tell you, that such conduct is the mockery of religion—the form without the spirit; and therefore abominable in the sight of that omniscient being who knows the inmost secrets of the heart. You fancy yourself a Christian because you mingle with Christians! Truly, Madam, a groom might, for the same reason, fancy himself a horse, because he is a frequenter of stables.

What should you think of a condemned felon, were he permitted to spend the last three or four days of his life in the manner most suitable to his inclination—what would you think of him, Miss Flimsy, if instead of humbling himself in sackcloth and ashes, he should seek out his former dissolute companions, and waste the precious moments in dissipation? The very idea strikes one with horror! The soul revolts at such baseness—such madness! And yet where is the material difference between the criminal's situation and that of the world at large? We are all as sure of death as he is, and know not at what hour it may come. The sentence is passed, but the giddy multitude heeds it not. Fashion leads her votaries down the dance of folly, and vice enslaves them in her chains. Thus, like the fettered maniac, they triumph in the midst of their wretchedness.

> "Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
> For what, gay friend! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
> That hangs out DEATH in one eternal night?
> A night that glooms us in the noontide ray,
> And wraps our thought, at banquets, in a shroud.
> Life's little stage is a small eminence,
> Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
> Where dwells the multitude; we gaze around;
> We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
> We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
> Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot."

That such a truth should not make an indelible impression on our hearts is past belief. At present I feel the full force of it. Solitude has aroused me from the fantastic dream of folly, and I shudder like the benighted traveller, that awakes at morn on the verge of a precipice. What say you, Madam, to a few months retirement? Suppose if you try the experiment! In the first place, it will inevitably lead you to reflection—reflection will breed remorse—and remorse, reformation; and then death will be disarmed of all its terrors. "But a life of devotion is so dull, formal, gloomy! No cards, no balls, no scandal, no—"

no—" Stay, Madam! Are you anxious to go to *Heaven* after death? "Undoubtedly, Sir!" If then, this poor fleeting life of our's is so insufferable without the kickshaws of vanity, what will you say to an *eternity* of *devotion*; yes, an awful *eternity*—without a single card-table, or assembly room? Verily should I aver that *such* a Heaven would be to *you* less charming than this world of tumult and misery, my assertion would amount to something more than a mere hypothesis!!

You will possibly look on what I have written as the rant of enthusiasm—unless, indeed, it happens to be in the midst of a thunderstorm; in *such* an event you will see it in a very different light—in short, exactly as I meant it, (to wit) a faithful exposition of a solemn truth, and a friendly warning, from

Your most obedient, humble servant,

X.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

A SONNET.

Ah! balmy morn! transporting as thou art,
And once so highly prized—thou canst no more,
With all thy magic influence, restore
That peace which love has banish'd from my heart.

Thy birds may warble, and thy blossoms ope,
But beauty now, nor melody inspires;
I stray—a victim, destitute of hope,
And burn with unextinguishable fires.

Last night a dream came o'er me—and methought
I held sweet converse with my absent fair;
Yet when, enraptured, at her form I caught,
It vanish'd—and resign'd me to despair.

But there's a bed, where lovers cease to weep!
Where endless is their night; and undisturb'd their sleep.

X.

ANECDOTE *of* LADY DACRE.

THE late Lady Dacre died most sincerely beloved, and regretted by all who knew her. Her benevolence was unlimited, and hundreds are now living to relate instances of her bounty. The most remarkable trait in her character was conjugal affection; for she evinced a most extraordinary attachment to the memory of her husband. During the life of Lord Dacre, it was well known to the family that Lady Dacre seldom quitted

quitted his presence, and since his death, which happened about thirteen years since, it was her invariable custom, in winter and summer, to visit his tomb in Lee church-yard every evening, at nine o'clock. One hour was usually employed in meditation, and, secluded from the busy eye of curiosity, she indulged in pleasing retrospection, while the tear of affection bedewed her husband's grave. During one nocturnal visit, she was attacked near the church-yard by a robber, who plundered her of several valuables; but as he did not use violence, she could not be prevailed on to punish him when he was discovered. After this interruption she had a door made to open into the church-yard from the back of her house, and she continued her visits without meeting any other intruder. The monument of Lord Dacre, which is a very handsome pile of white marble, she enclosed with iron work, and entered the sacred spot by a door. She also employed a servant to keep it clean, and it exhibited, to the day of her ladyship's death, a neat appearance. Her dress and manners were rather eccentric, but her mind was amiable. Her remains will be laid by her husband, and posterity will long admire her rare example of conjugal love.

Inscriptions on three elegant Monuments, erected in the Church of Leeds, to the Memory of three Brothers of the Name of Neville, all of whom died in the Service of their Country.

Sacred
to the memory of
CHARLES HENRY NEVILLE,
lieutenant in the queen's, or second
regiment of foot;
who,
being on the marine duty on board
EARL HOWE'S SHIP,
after behaving in a most brave and gallant manner
in the engagement which took place
between the English and French fleets,
for three days,
was KILLED by a grape shot, June the 1st, 1794,
aged 19 years.

Ye sons of peace, who blest
with all the dear delights of social life,
behold this tablet,
which affection reared,
to the lov'd memory of the young, the brave;
whose early bloom, smote by the ruthless hand of
WAR,

fell, admired, lamented.
Oh! give one pitying tear,
in grateful memory of the generous youth,
who dauntless met the dreadful battle's rage,
and nobly bled,
that you might live secure.

To the memory
of
JOHN PATE NEVILLE,
lieutenant in the third regiment of foot guards,
who was
WOUNDED IN HOLLAND,
in an engagement against the French,
Sept. 19, of which wound he died
October 10, 1799.

Also,
To the memory of
of
BROWNLOW PATE NEVILLE,
lieutenant in the third regiment of foot guards,
who was likewise
WOUNDED IN HOLLAND,
Sept. 10, and died Sept. 16, 1799,
aged 23 years.

They were the brothers of Charles Henry Neville, who was killed in Earl Howe's ship, June 1st, 1794, and the sons of John Pate Neville, esq. of Badsworth, in the county of York.

Character of the Rev. Dean Kirwan, the celebrated Irish Orator.

THIS gentleman died about two years ago, at Mount Pleasant, near Dublin. His disorder was a fever, which carried him off after a few days illness. The numerous charitable institutions of that city will long feel and lament his loss. Many of them owe their existence and prosperity to his unparalleled exertions, where, regardless of his infirm state of health, to use the language of Mr. Grattan, "in feeding the lamp of charity, he almost exhausted the lamp of life." Endowed with talents beyond the common lot of mankind; gifted with powers of eloquence which formed as it were an æra in the annals of pulpit oratory, he devoted those talents and that eloquence to the service of his God and of the poor. In the cause of religion, impressive, commanding, overwhelming, vice

shrunk appalled from the resistless torrent, and trembled at its own deformity. In the cause of charity, energetic, persuasive, irresistible; he turned the master passions at his will, now roused with dread, now melted with compassion, whilst every bosom glowed with re-animated feeling, and the sweet influence of benevolence throbbed in every pulse, and poured from every eye. The character of his eloquence, however, in the opinion of the best judges, was rather too declamatory; his figures were grand, but at times rather too daring; but his manner was fervid, and all he said was marked by a character of sincerity, which produced the intended effect on the mind of his hearers. If he was, however, too theatrical in his gesture, it must be considered that he addressed himself to a miscellaneous audience, and that, in general, such a body of auditors are more caught by the manner than the substance of what they hear. He was at all times ready to exert his great powers in forwarding the objects of benevolence; and the charitable institutions for the relief of our fellow subjects in Ireland, will, perhaps, severely suffer by the loss of so able and so zealous an advocate. This distinguished ornament of the church was originally a roman catholic priest, but his good sense enabled him to see the errors of popery, and he became a zealous adherent and powerful supporter of the protestant faith.

In his private character he was not less esteemed and beloved than in his public capacity he was extolled and admired. He had advanced very little beyond the meridian of life when the world was thus unfortunately deprived of his services in the cause of religion and humanity. His funeral was attended by an immense concourse of the most respectable citizens, including almost every friend to humanity and genius in Dublin. The children of the several charity schools walked in procession; among the rest, 150 female orphans belonging to Mrs. Latouche's school, whose cnuse he so often and so eloquently pleaded, and who, in him, may be said, a second time, to have lost a father. No less than 1400l. was collected at a single sermon preached by him for that institution.

ORIGIN *of a* SINGULAR POLISH CUSTOM.

THE Polish noblemen have their heads shaved, with the exception only of a circular patch of short hair, about three or four inches diameter, on the crown. The origin of this custom took its rise as far back as the commencement of the reign of Casimir I. in the year 1041. After the death of Miecislaw II. (the father of Casimir), Richsa, his widow, became regent of the kingdom during the long interregnum which ensued. Richsa was an ambitious and unprincipled

woman; and her oppressive exactions raised at length such commotions, that she was compelled to a precipitate flight into Saxony for the security of her own person and that of the young prince. Casimir, an only son, was soon after conveyed to Lutetia, (Paris), a city, renowned even at this early period as the seat of the sciences and of polite manners. Here he was instructed in all the learning and accomplishments of the time. Meanwhile, the Poles, having passed through all the forms of anarchy, were at length urged by their distress to wish for a king, and it was resolved to recall their lawful prince. But the place of his retreat was unknown. Casimir, chagrined at his degradation, became disgusted with the world, and had sought an asylum in the abbey of Clugni. Here the Polish ambassadors ultimately found him, and explained the object of their mission. But the prince was no longer at liberty. He had already passed his noviciate, and had even become a deacon. From these sacred engagements, none but the pope could liberate him; and which he at length consented to do only on the following conditions:—

1. That the Poles should contribute each an annual sum of money in perpetuity, for the maintenance of a lamp in the church of St. Peter.

2. That all the nobles, on great festivals, during the sacrifice should wear about the neck a stole of linen, similar to that worn by the priests and deacons.

3. That the Poles thenceforward should all wear their hair in the form of a crown, after the manner of the monks of that period.

ACCOUNT *of the* BAHAMA ISLANDS.

[Extracted from Harriott's Struggles through Life.]

THESE islands, so long neglected by European powers, and unexplored even by the English settlers and their descendants, who for more than a century have been settled there, may henceforth, on account of their valuable staple, as well as their relative situation, be considered among the more important of our colonies. They extend from 21° to 28° of north latitude, and from 71° 79° of west longitude.

The principal islands are twenty-six in number; the smaller islands, or (as they are called) keys, amount to some hundreds; together, they form almost one continued chain, extending from Turk's Island to the Grand Bahama, in a direction nearly north-west and south-east. The principal harbours, at present known, are those of Uxuma, Nassau, in the island of New Providence, and Little Harbour, at Abaco; but, from the number, extent,

extent, and situation, of these islands, it is most probable there are many other harbours equally good with those above-mentioned. That of Exuma is by far the best of the three, and they are all formed by one or more keys, or smaller islands, lying in front of the principal island.

To perceive at one view the importance of these islands to Great Britain, for the purpose of protecting our homeward-bound West-India trade in time of war, as well as for annoying that of France and Spain, nothing more will be necessary than to look into the map, and observe the only two passages by which ships can return to Europe from ports in the West-Indies lying to the westward of Hispaniola. One passage lies between the west end of the last-mentioned island and the east end of Cuba, by Crooked and Long Islands; the other round the west end of Cuba, and thence through the strait lying between the coast of Florida, and the islands of Abaco, Grand Bahama, &c. The former of these passages is commanded by Exuma, the latter by New Providence, Abaco, and the other islands to the north-west. These at all seasons afford safe harbours and places of rendezvous to our vessels, while the French and Spanish homeward-bound ships must pass almost within sight of either the one or the other of them. From these ports, our cruizers and privateers may attack them with great advantage, and their prizes be sent, in the course of a few hours, into places of safety, so as to render recaptures in general impracticable.

After what has been said, it is easy to conceive to what dangers our Jamaica trade would have been exposed, if the Bahamas had not been restored. But it is not the situation alone that makes these islands of importance to Great Britain; the extent of our cotton-manufactures, and the many thousand industrious labourers to whom they give bread, render the cultivation of that raw material an object of much national concern; and the experience of the productive crops, at the time I visited them, evinced that the soil and climate of the Bahamas were well adapted to the culture of cotton.

The northernmost islands, if more cleared and inhabited by industrious farmers, encouraged thereto from England, are well adapted for raising provisions in abundance for the supply of the West-India islands, and I am inclined to believe would prove healthy, which is more than I think of those to the southward, otherwise than in a comparative degree.

The southern islands are best calculated for getting rich in a short time, and the northern islands for living healthy and comfortable; nor do I doubt, but, in the course of a few years, the farmers in the latter would be at much the greatest certainty. In the one, there is a tolerable depth of soil to work upon; but, in the other, nothing short of actual proof would

have persuaded me to believe these islands were capable of such remarkable vegetation as I witnessed.

The natural appearance of these islands is far from being encouraging to the husbandman, who has never before quitted his native soil in Europe. In general they are either rocky and mountainous, or flat, wet, and sandy; the soil is light and thin, and in most places but sparingly scattered over a white, porous, soft, rock. Of these, the first strata are for the most part broken and unconnected, lying in sheets from three to six inches thick, and either covering or covered by a very slight portion of light earth, sometimes both. But, however little fertility the appearances promise, certain it is that the tropical plants thrive as well here as in any of the West-India islands. This, possibly, is in a great measure owing to the rocks themselves; these, from their very porous nature, necessarily receive a great deal of moisture, which they retain longer than it is possible for the soil alone to do in this hot climate; and they certainly yield their exhalations more sparingly to the rays of the sun. But, whatever may be the physical cause, the fact is, that the long droughts, with which these islands are sometimes visited, are by no means so injurious to plants as they are found to be in most southern climates; and the cotton, except in the planting season, requires less moisture than any other plant we are acquainted with.

India corn, Guinea corn, pease, beans, cabbages, carrots, and sallad, are cultivated with little trouble; yams, plaintains, and bananas, grow in great abundance; the last articles generally wither away in the dry season, but spring up again, from the same roots, for several years successively; by which means, much labour is saved to the planter. And, if farming were more attended to in these islands, (instead of the false pride of being called planters,) the negroes, at little expence, would be fed much better, without being dependant for supplies from abroad, which is often the case in these and still more so in the other West-India islands.

Dye-woods are found in these islands, but at present in no great abundance, and in all likelihood because not sought for. They have a variety of hard woods, and a small but excellent species of mahogany. Pine of a tolerable size, and much harder than that of the continent, is found upon some of the islands, particularly on Abaco. Ship-timber, equal to any in the world, for vessels as large as 200 tons burthen, seems inexhaustible on the northernmost islands.

I acknowledge myself no botanist, and therefore in point of judgment claim but little attention; but, so far as opinion may go, from a common view of things, I conceive there is a fine unexplored field for botanical researches. Pine-apples, oranges, limes, lemons, guavas, and all the tropical fruits, with coffee, cocoa,

cocoa, and pimento, grow extremely well here; and there is little doubt but the climate would be equally favourable to indigo, tobacco, and vines; the latter are here indigenous. I observed them growing wild in the woods, in various places; from which I am of opinion, that, if suitable situations for vineyards were sought out, they might be cultivated to advantage for domestic purposes at least. But their most valuable production, at present, is cotton; and, while that bears any thing like its present price, it might be imprudent to attempt any other staple upon an expensive scale, on those islands where it has been proved to grow to such profit.

But this is no reason why those islands, that lie too far to the northward for cotton, should not be cultivated for other productions and the raising of live stock; and, with all due deference to my superiors, if these northerly Bahama Islands (that are so neglected) had been made choice of to send convicts to, instead of Botany Bay, I am persuaded that half the money, which already has been expended on that distant settlement, would before this time have made these islands highly productive and beneficial to this country, in a variety of ways; while Botany Bay will continue to be an eating canker as long as it belongs to us. It may be said, we have gone so far in establishing our settlements at New Holland, that they cannot now be given up; yet I should submit, that the convicts might be divided into two classes, of better and worse; the better to be sent to these nearer settlements, as a milder punishment, and the worse to Botany Bay.

Cotton was first planted in these islands in 1785, ten years before I visited them. It arose from the industry of American loyalists, and had exceeded their own most sanguine expectations. On Exuma, a planter, with no more than thirty-two slaves, had made nineteen tons of clean cotton, worth on the spot upwards of 2660l. sterling, nearly double the whole value of the negroes by whose labour it was made. Upon that and other windward islands, people have in general been almost equally successful; and, in many instances, a ton or a ton and half has been made by the labour of a peasant, his wife, and one or two children. Salt also may be made, in any quantities, upon many of these islands, particularly on the Turk's Islands, Exuma, Ragged Island, and at Normon's Pond.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Pinkerton's Observations respecting French Emigrants.

THE prohibition of all intercourse with England had often been attempted, at least in appearance, but had as often been

been evaded. Papers and passports indeed bore that the ships were destined for Embden, but the French consuls and agents well knew that England was intended, which the mariners jocularly called New Embden. The total obstruction of the intercourse would not indeed have been favourable to the French themselves, for many spies pass and repass; and I learned from the best authority, with no small degree of surprise and indignation, that the surest intelligence was derived from French emigrants in this country, who had no other occupation but in thus betraying their unsuspecting benefactors. How far it may be prudent to nourish these serpents in our bosom may be too soon discovered by sad experience; those who had returned to Paris, far from evincing any gratitude for the favours received, often sought to shew their fidelity to the new government by expressions of the bitterest enmity against this country, and by proposing plans for its subjugation. On reproaching them for their incredible ingratitude, they would answer, with great coolness, "What your ministry did for us, was merely to serve their own interest; and their motives claim no gratitude whatever." A Frenchman, of whatever rank or station, will ever intensely feel his own nationality, and never can be the friend of this country; which, in his own idea, he cannot be, without being a traitor.

The affair of Quiberon is not the only grievance; and scarcely one can be found who does not complain, forsooth, of the parsimony of the British government which furnishes such scanty pensions to men of their superlative merit. The reign of infatuation seems gradually to pass away; but a complete return to sound sense, and the rational and experimental policy of all nations will be clearly marked by sending them all to Canada; where they may have ample grants of lands, find an honourable existence in improving a barren country, and exert their industry among their countrymen. Their perpetual spirit of intrigue and misrepresentation, which have already in so many instances proved detrimental to the interests of this country, and which alone would render their presence extremely dangerous, may there be diverted to other objects, useful to themselves and to posterity. These reflections are wrested from me by the indignation I felt at the intelligence I received in Holland, as well as by the conduct of some whom I saw at Paris; and shall be closed with one observation, that those emigrants who are the most culpable are often those who are the least suspected, as they cover their plots with expressions of the bitterest enmity to the new French government, while they are courting its favour, and the restitution of their possessions, by the most nefarious means.

An ANECDOTE.

TWO gentlemen walking in the inside of St. Paul's cathedral, a few days since, enquired why no prayers were performed in the church, when a wag, who stood by, answered, "The reason is very clear, for the *cannons* of Trafalgar made such a noise that, two years after, they have silenced the *canons* of St. Paul's for three months," alluding to the erection of Lord Nelson's monument being the cause of the suspension of divine service for the last three months.

RED CROSS-STREET.

MR. PENNANT says, "This was one of the antient streets. In it the mitred abbot of Ramsey had his town house. It was afterwards called Drury House, from its having been in after times the residence of Sir Drue Drury."—(Account of London, p. 254.)—Whether this was the same which was called Bas-Court, granted by the king in fee to Robert de Ufford, earl of Suffolk, 15 Edw. III. does not appear.—(Pat. 15 Edw. III. p. 2. m. 44.)—This latter in the 30th of Hen. 6, 1452, was in the possession of Robert Willoughby.

The street itself seems to have taken its name from a cross which formerly adorned it. A deed, of the thirteenth century, in an ancient chartulary once belonging to the nuns of Clerkenwell, recites a gift of Alan de la Welle, of a house in Old-street, "versus rubeam Crucem."

Sir Thomas More, in "The pittiful Life of King Edward the Fifth," Lond. 1641, 12mo. p, 27, mentions a circumstance which occurred here at the close of Edward the Fourth's reign, worth relating, as it points at Richard's aspiring to the throne at a time when it is usually supposed he had no ambition for it. "And first to shew you, that by conjecture he pretended this thing in his brother's life, yee shall understand for a truth that the same night that King Edward dyed, one called Mistelbrooke, long ere the day sprung, came to the house of one Portier, dwelling in Red Crosse-street, without Cripple-Gate of London, and when he was with hasty vrapping quickly let in, the said Mistelbrooke shewed unto Pottier that King Edward was that night deceased. 'By my truth,' quoth Pottier, 'then will my master, the duke of Gloucester, be king, and that I warrant thee.' What cause he had so to think, hard it is to say, whether hee, being his servant, knew any such thing pretended, or otherwise had any inkling thereof, but of all likelihood spake it not of ought."

BRITISH

BRITISH MERCHANTS.

AT the time when Louis XIV. made all Italy tremble, and his armies, which had already possessed themselves of Savoy and Piedmont, were upon the point of taking Turin, Prince Eugene was compelled to march from the centre of Germany, in order to succour Savoy. Having no money, without which cities cannot be either taken or defended, he addressed himself to some English merchants, who, at an hour and a half's warning, lent him 160,000l. By this, he was enabled to deliver Turin, and to defeat the French; after which, he wrote the following short letter to the persons who had disbursed him the above-mentioned sum:—

"Gentlemen—I have received your money, and flatter myself, that I have laid it out to your satisfaction."

Such a circumstance as this may raise a just pride in every British merchant, and permit him to compare himself to a citizen of Rome in its best days.

This also reminds us of an anecdote, which is told of some merchants at Augsburg, in Germany, named Fuggers, who were very illustrious by their liberality to men of letters, and who could raise more money, it is said, than any prince in Europe. To testify their gratitude to the Emperor Charles V. who had done them the honour to lodge in their house, when he passed through Augsburg; they one day, among other acts of magnificence, laid upon the hearth a large bundle of cinnamon, a merchandize then (about the year 1528) of great price; and lighted it with a note of hand of the emperor for a very considerable sum, which they had lent him. This, it must be acknowledged, was a liberal way of discharging their imperial debtor.—*See Bayle, art. Fugger.*

NEW MUSICAL PLAN.

MR. DIBDEN has obtained a patent "for facilitating the learning of music." His plan consists principally in substituting the letters of the alphabet for the characters hitherto used, and to employ the period, the colon, the semi-colon, comma, semi-comma, and demi-semi-comma, in place of the semibreve, minim, crotchet, quaver, &c. The seven first letters of the alphabet only are used, five times repeated in different kinds of type, as large capitals, small capitals, italic, capitals, &c. and grave or sharp accents are to mark the sharps and flats. The bars in music he calls divisions, and the various pauses are distinguished by single, double, or treble dashes, and particular characters mark the section, the rest, repeat, &c. The cliffs are of course dispensed with, and the time of the air, instead of being called so many crotchets or minims in a bar, are to be so many colons or commas in a division.

AMERICAN FISH.

A Fish called by the Spaniards the curbinata, the largest of which does not weigh more than two pounds, abounds in the river Oroonoko, in South America. It is of an excellent flavour, but it is less appreciated for its nutritive qualities than for two stones lodged in the head, in the place which the brain ought to occupy. They have each the shape of an almond without the shell, and the brilliant colour of mother of pearl. These stones are bought for their weight in gold, on account of their specific virtue against a retention of urine. It is sufficient to take three grains, finely powdered, in a spoonful of wine and water, to cause an instant discharge; but too large a dose relaxes the muscles, and occasions an inability of retention.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Curate of a parish in Shropshire, on the late Sir William Pulteney's estates, who had a small stipend, with a numerous family, applied to Sir William for a living, which was promised him when an opportunity offered. Unfortunately the baronet died soon after, and this poor but worthy curate lost all hopes of the living. Some friends, however, suggested to him the propriety of applying to his daughter, the late countess of Bath, and to shew her the letter written by her father to the curate, wherein the promise was made. The venerable curate, in an inclement season of the year, travelled all the way from his parish to London, full of doubts and fears; but both were soon dispersed in the first interview with her ladyship, who, with that chearful alacrity which characterized her filial affection, declared that it was not only her duty to fulfil her departed father's commands, but even his intentions, and without delay employed a confidential person to procure a living for the old man, preferring the honourable path of purchasing, with her ample means, the gift which ecclesiastical pride might have refused. All methods to procure a living by purchase were ineffectual; and her ladyship paid into the hands of the worthy curate a sum adequate to the income of a living of 300l. per annum, with which he returned to his family, imploring blessings on the benevolent countess.

This was a truly benevolent way of employing the immense wealth of which her ladyship was possessed. Affluent persons who do not distinguish themselves by acts of mercy, will have a serious account to give for neglecting to improve the talent entrusted to their care.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to S. Paull's Charade, inserted the 1st of August.

POSTAGE of letters must be paid, dear gents.
Or Langdon will not notice the contents.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Saunders, Typographus, T. Whicker, and J. Treadwin, of Exeter; W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, Bridgewater; S. Duck, and Frederick Arden, South Petherton; J. French, of Evershot school; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; W. Petherick; John Woodman, of North Curry; and J. Colley, of St. German's.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to S. Paull's Rebus, inserted August 1.

CORNELIAN will expose to view
The precious stone that's meant by you.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. Petherick, of St. Austell; F. Arden, and S. Duck, of South Petherton; J. Trood, and J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater; Typographus, J. Treadwin, and J. Sanders, of Exeter; John Woodman, of North Curry; J. French, of Evershot school; and R. Withall of Plymouth.

Answer, by J. W. of Charmouth, to J. Lewis's Rebus, inserted August 8.

WHEN Israel did their wants bewail,
God sent them manna and the QUAIL.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Saunders, and Typographus of Exeter; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; Frederick Arden, and Samuel Duck, of South Petherton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. French, of Evershot school; T. Pearse, of Chard; G. Trenchard, of Bampton; W. Kent, near Camelford; and J. Miller, of Exmouth.

A REBUS, *by F. Arden, of South Petherton.*

THE phase of a planet that's very well known,
Take three letters of it when more than half grown;
To these add a gambler's favourite's choice,
When loud to confirm it he lifts up his voice:
The total thus found will certainly name,
What often to men bringeth horror and shame.

A REBUS, *by T. K of Chard.*

ONE of the furies bring to view;
The Cyprian prince th' wild boar slew;
A fruit delicious then pray find;
One of the famous feather'd kind;
A river that in Britain flows;
A furious beast oft seen in shews;
A once fam'd city then you'll ween;
And what's oft in the church-yard seen:
Th' initials join'd will constitute
A texture once in high repute.

POETRY.

TO A LADY VERY FEARFUL OF THUNDER.

SAY whence this sudden fear, my fair,
When thunder rattles thro' the air?
Why quits your blood each distant part,
And rushes round the labouring heart?
Why all this shivering, panting, crying,
This something little less than dying?
If wretches stain'd with deadly sin,
Quake at the worm that gnaws within;
If savage tyrants trembling fly,
And think the fate they merit nigh;
If treacherous statesmen that have sold
Their country and their God for gold,
Feel the deep shrinkings of the soul,
And hear the voice of vengeance roll;
Yet why does my Eliza fear
What only should the wicked scare?
The flash that strikes the villain dead,
Is taught to spare the guiltless head;
Or should by this the virtuous die,
'Twere but on lightning's wings to fly,
And gain, with greater speed, the sky.

PASTOR.

Lines on beholding a Child asleep in the Arms of a Beggar.

SLEEP baby dear! enjoy thy peaceful rest!
Mild as the evening dew on earth descends;
Sleep on! thus cradled on thy mother's breast,
Whose eye with fondness o'er thy slumbers bends.

Child of distress! tho' want thy birthright be,
And chill neglect may nip thy tender years;
Yet He who gave thee, by his great decree,
This life to breathe, shall dry thy falling tears.

Oh hard indeed the poor man's wretched lot!
The victim of the world's unfeeling scorns!
Did he not know that tho' by man forgot,
There is a God, the friend of him that mourns.

The smile that plays upon thy lovely face,
Foretells the Heaven of the good and wise!
There all shall smile who live in faith and grace;
For all is bliss beyond the bounding skies.

Sleep on sweet babe! and bless thy mother's heart,
Who gazes on thee with such rapture now;
Poor houseless wretch! I see the tears that start,
And fall unnotic'd on thy baby's brow!

A wanderer in life's bewilder'd road,
Pities the sorrows which he can't relieve;
And pity finds acceptance with the God
Whose will denies the ampler power to give!

MAN

MAN *of* FASHION.

WHAT is a modern man of fashion?
A man of taste and dissipation:
A busy man, without employment;
A happy man, without enjoyment.
Who squanders all his time and treasures,
On empty toys and tasteless pleasures;
Visits, attendance, and attention,
And courtly arts, too low to mention.
In sleep, and dress, and sport, and play,
He throws his worthless life away;
Has no opinion of his own,
But takes from leading beaux the *ton*.
With a disdainful smile or frown
He on the *rif-raf* crowd looks down:
The world polite, his friends and he,
And all the rest are—nobody!

Taught by the great his smiles to sell,
And how to write and how to spell;
The great his oracles he makes,
Copies their vices and mistakes;
Custom pursues, his only rule,
And lives an ape, and dies a fool.

C. W.

S O N G.

By W. R. SPENCE, *Esq.*

IF the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund, ill-secur'd, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested
When drawn on the firm of wife, children, and friends.

Tho' valour still grows in his life's waning embers,
The death-wounded tar who his colours defends,
Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers
How blest was his home with wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy hour with wife, children, and friends.

Tho' spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
And round him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth, if unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No charms from the smile of wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of the muse ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er her dead favourite bends;
O'er me wave the willow, which only can flourish,
When dew'd with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

GENEROSITY.

WHENE'ER I sues, he greets me with delight,
As if I gave the boon I came to crave.